

The Pocahontas Times.

Vol. XXXI No 39

Marlinton, Pocahontas Co., West Virginia, May 1 1913

\$1.00 A Year

A FOREIGN INVASION

The West Virginia coal fields are now invaded by a foreign foe. The United Mine Workers, of America, aided and abetted by the socialist party are here arrayed in the habiliments of anarchistic and socialistic warfare.

The object of this unholy jay-hawking, bushwhacking, guerilla invasion is the complete destruction of the West Virginia coal trade and the making of socialistic votes.

The representatives of these organizations are possessed of the gall of the devil himself. They approach us miners and wish us to please go away to some secluded nook and quietly suicide.

And some of us fool coal diggers have about decided to do it. About half to place the deadly poignard against our breasts and while the red blood trickles to the ground exclaim with our last expiring breath, "unon for ever."

Bring on the hemlock
The wormwood and the gall
Crown the striking miner
The biggest fool of all.

It is said that in union there is strength. That may be so, provided there is a bacon and bean accompaniment, but when the strike is called and won, the bacon and beans will be on the wrong side of the Ohio river. The other fellow will have the leeks, the garlic and the onions, the loaves and fishes, the milk and hohey, while we have the union and a box of sardines.

In the present agitation we notice the fine Italian hand of the socialists, viz: Sancho Zitchitsz-zitchy, Adolph Seminterzceris-chritz, John Chrintzumsernst and a few other names rather difficult to pronounce. Socialists thrive only where the soil is poorest, where the phosphorous and pitrates are gone.

No man with a full stomach ever became a socialist. Submit the stomach of your common every-day socialist to an autopsy and you will find a few sardines swimming aimlessly about in beer. Your true socialist says there is no God, but the remark is not original with him. It will be remembered that the fool away back in Solomon's day said the same thing. Your scientific socialist is never pleased with anything. No matter if the sardines are fresh, the bolonga all that could be expected, and the beer cold as a refrigerator hanging to the north pole, he is not satisfied. He wants something that will turn with a crank.

The annihilation of the West Virginia coal trade would be the blessedest news that ever battered against the ear drums of the socialist agitator. Unionize and socialize the state; turn the orders we are now filling over to the operators of Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, then curse the administration at Washington. Nothing doing, that's the socialist slogan. Nothing will quiet the socialist agitator quicker than a total failure of the sardine crop.

A few bones of sardines taken according to directions will turn the head and stomach of most any man and make him thirst for the recall, but it's too late you can't recall 'em. The best and surest way to kill socialism is to stamp out the sardine. A sardine in the stomach is rather disquieting. I produces hallucinations and more hallucinations makes socialists in the original way. To the socialist agitator one good nightmare is worth her weight in gold.

Unionize the state. Nail up the drift mouths. Let the mines become the sepulchres of bats and jacksals, while we are lulled to our eternal rest by the songs of the lizard, and the lonesome bellow of the blustering bull-frog of commerce.

Fellow miners, we can't afford to strike simply to please a foreign labor organization. What is food for the goose in Ohio and Pennsylvania will kill the gander here as dead as hell. Let us form a state organization and fight out our grievances ourselves and in our own way.

Up until the paid agitator came into this field we thought we were doing well. We had enough to eat, something to wear and some had money in the banks but we were told by the agitator that we were absolutely suffering for the necessities of life, that we were serfs, menials, mental dwarfs, lilliputian pigmies, etc. etc. When the agitator got through with us, we were heartily ashamed of ourselves. Some of us went to the poorhouse, some to the associated charities and those of us who staid at home haven't been able to look our wives in the face for a week. We are absolutely perishing for want of nourishment, but in our childish simplicity we thought we had tuberculosis. It's a sight

what a hell of a fix a fellow can get into and not know it, until the fact is pointed out by a paid agitator. Before I met the paid agitator, I had a thought of entering Wall Street, but now I expect I'll pause for a time at the water front. I'm a poorer man today than was Lazarus of old. He had the dogs to lick his sores. I haven't a devilish dog. I stand today a dogless man. I tried to overtake a dog the other day, but only got near enough to catch a mild form of hydrophobia. Job had a posherd to scrape his boils with. I have a curry-comb.

The coal operator depends on miners for success in his business. Ain't it strange that he hires a lot of Baldwin-Feltz thugs to butcher and main his workmen and incapacitate them from labor? Great business men, these operators.

Back of the Baldwin thugs stands the socialist agitator with a British Bulldog cockless revolving pistol in one pocket, and a box of sardines in the other. There is a tide in the affairs of the evasive sardine, which if taken at its tide head leads to the public ownership of old mares.

Young man, beware of the sardine. Shun it as you would the devil. Remember that somewhere in the anatomy of the little fish, lost to human vision, lies the secret of socialism.

What a friend we have in the "United Mine Workers of America." That organization would apparently die for us soon as not, its love and affection for the West Virginia miner is a beautiful thing to see.

It would rather see the Baldwin thugged miner in a tent down in the valley struggling in stress of storm and flood than to see him snugly stowed away in a mansion on top of Mt. Sinai.

Mr. Organizer stay away from Ansted, if you please sir. We are all staid, if you please sir. We are all works and supports his family. A man who keeps a roof over the heads of the ones he loves. The patriot is the man who abides in a tent on the margin of Bitter-Creek, and there benumbed by winters chilling blasts, awaits with the patience of Job, the arrival of a convoy or delegation of Elijah's ravens, bearing in their beaks and claws free sample packages of Michigan breakfast food and grape nuts.

The officials of the three collieries operating here are gentlemen, one and all; men who believe that one man's rights extend until they conflict with the rights of another. A strike here is not to be thought of for a moment. The Gauley Mountain Coal Company is paying its men all it can afford to pay them. Every cent. Every intelligent employe knows it's so. Their coal is of such character that it must be mined cheaply if mined at all.

A very few month's work would connect the works of the Gauley Mountain Coal Company with their works at Jodie, and their coal would go down Gauley; then the property owners here would have to embark on the ship that sailed yesterday. Every employe of the Gauley Mountain Coal Company can get his money every two weeks if he wants it. He can get it every day or twice a day for that matter. We can have a nine hour day if we want it. We can have a check-weighman if we want him and everything else that can possibly be granted us by men who have our welfare at heart. Can we afford to strike? Strike? What for?—Roes Cavendish, in Fayette Journal.

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SLOGAN—Every School in Our County Represented by Active Workers.

Programme

Annual Convention of the Pocahontas County Sunday School Association, to be held in the Presbyterian Church, Marlinton, West Virginia.

MAY 11th, 12th and 13th, 1913

OUR AIM—Fifteen Thousand Accessions to the Churches of West Virginia by the First of May, 1914.

"We shall maintain our liberties only by the religious education of our youth."—George Washington.

Sunday, May 11, 8 p. m.

MOTHER'S DAY SERVICE

Prayer The Rev. A. S. Rachel
Doxology
Music The Rev. J. H. Bean
Scripture Lesson
Reading Mrs. Blanche P. Smith
Address Miss Martha V. Graham
Benediction

Monday, May 12th

AFTERNOON SESSION

2 p. m. Song Service
2:10 Prayer, The Rev. Geo. P. Moore
2:20 Address of Welcome, Mayor E. B. Hill
2:30 Response, Fred Ruckman
2:40 Open Parliament, A. D. Williams County President
2:50 Announcement of Committees, Roll Call, and Report of Delegates

3 Decision Day in the Sunday School, what it is, its value, how to get ready for it, Rev. J. C. Johnson

3:20 Music
3:25 "Unto the Measure of the Stature of the Fullness of Christ." Eph. 3, 13, Arthur T. Arnold

Enrollment and Assignment of Delegates, Social Meeting

NIGHT SESSION

7:45 Devotional Service, by Rev. W. F. Lowance
8:00 Address by E. D. Sanderson, Dean of the Agricultural College, Morgantown, West Virginia
8:40 Address by Arthur T. Arnold
Thank Offering. Music.

Tuesday, May 13th

9:45 a. m. Morning Devotion led by Rev. K. D. Swecker
10:00 Sunday School Curriculum, A. T. Arnold
10:30 Address and Conference, Trained Teachers of Religion, the Necessity, Kinds of Training Class, Enrollment and Examinations, Recognition of Class, led by J. W. Morris, President of Greenbrier County Association

11:10 Address and Conference, The Organized Bible Class—When a Class is Organized, How to Make Organization Contribute, Why Enroll with the State Association, The Standard of Service—led by Rev. J. H. Bean
11:50 Distribution of Literature bearing on the various phases of our work
12:00 Recess

AFTERNOON SESSION

1:45 Parade of Children, each class led by teacher, and all schools expected to participate
2:00 Primary Class taught by Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker
2:10 Junior Graded Lesson taught by Miss Graham
2:30 Report of Committees and Election of Officers
2:45 The Mountain State Bulletin. Our Association Goals
3:00 Special Days—Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day, Rally Day, World's Temperance Sunday—Miss Martha V. Graham
3:30 Conference of District, County and State officers to survey field and plan for new year's work.

"The Sunday School is one of the greatest institutions of to-day; as a school of religious instruction it is inestimable; as a civil institution it is priceless."—Daniel Webster.

EDUCATIONAL RANK OF STATES.

A debt of gratitude is due from students of any particular phase of public education to the Sage Foundation for its pamphlet giving "A Comparative Study of Public School Systems in the Forty-Eight States." This debt is enthusiastically paid by The Dial (Chicago), which speaks of the pamphlet as representing "what must have been an enormous amount of labor," and for the first time presenting "in simple form what may be called a bird's-eye view of present conditions in all the essential phases of the subject." Many school reports, as The Dial points out, are inexcusably belated in publication, and "the method of presenting reports is not standardized." It has been, therefore "extremely difficult to determine the relative efficiency of the school systems of the several States in some very important matters." The first chart in the pamphlet now available shows the "children in school and out" in each State in 1910. Ranking them in the order of percentage of children in school, Vermont heads the list with only 7.5 "not in any school," and Louisi-

ana is last with 44.7. The first half dozen of this list are Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, Colorado, and Montana. A comment printed on the margin suggests that "Vermont, Maine, and Connecticut, with more than 90 per cent. of the children of the school age actually in school, are making better investments in future citizenship than Alabama, Texas, Nevada, and Louisiana, with 35 to 45 per cent. of their school children of school age not receiving schooling. The Dial proceeds with some interesting quotations and comment from these tables too long to print entire here:

"In the statistics of school revenue the range is from New York, with over fifty millions of annual revenue—almost all of its taxes—to Nevada, with about half a million, or approximately 1 per cent. This represents a far greater discrepancy than the relative population would warrant, which makes it evident either that New York exceeds its duty, or that Nevada falls short of it. It is interesting to learn that local taxation supports the public schools, from 97 per cent. in the case of Massachusetts to only 27 per cent. in the case of Georgia. It is highly de-

sirable that the local communities should learn not to look to the State for aid for their schools, and in this matter Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Kansas, which are above the 90 per cent mark, furnish examples that the other states should seek to emulate. Six States get from 10 to 20 per cent. of their school income from permanent land grant funds; allowing for this, the honor list of States which do not lean heavily upon State taxation should be considerably increased. But there is not much to be said for the local governments of Kentucky, Georgia and Alabama, which call upon the State to collect and distribute more than half of the funds applied to the purposes of the schools."

No more "vitaly important figures" in this statistical exhibit are given than those showing "the investment in school plant, the expenditures per child of school age, the ratio between wealth and school expenditure and the daily cost of the child's schooling." We learn that—

"Massachusetts has put \$115 for each of her children in to school buildings and grounds; Mississippi has provided that munificent sum of \$4. This the best available index for a state of the past educational interest of its people. The amount annually spent for each is from thirty-two to three dollars—in Washington and North Carolina, respectively. A note points the moral: 'In the long run States, like individuals, purchase about what they pay for, not much more and not much less.' For each hundred dollars of wealth in the State, the amounts paid annually for schools is 75 cents in Oklahoma and 19 cents in New Hampshire. It would seem to be in order for the White Mountain State to quadruple its educational budget without delay, unless it is content to be permanently shamed by what was only a few years ago the Indian Territory. Nevada, which makes a rather poor showing in most respects, comes magnificently to the front in the matter of the daily cost per child in its schools, providing no less than 30 cents, as against the seven cents of Georgia and the Carolinas. Low cost, of course, means cheap teaching, and the wages that we pay our teachers, the country throughout, are nothing less than a national scandal.

This latter subject deserves a paragraph of its own, and the statistics of average salary in the forty-eight States show some surprising contrasts. California and Arizona, with averages of \$918 and \$817, respectively, set the pace for even New York and Massachusetts, whose averages are \$813 and \$757, respectively. North Carolina is disgraced by the fact that its teachers receive salaries averaging only \$200 and this of course means that there are thousands of individuals receiving far less than this average. The average for the entire country is only \$485, which is less than the average for factory workers and common laborers. "The fact that teachers' wages are lower than those paid for almost any other sort of service means that as a nation we are neither asking for nor getting a high grade of service, and that as a nation we place a low valuation on the teacher's work." It seems to be about time for public speakers to stop boasting about our national devotion to education. Stated in aggregates of millions of dollars, the figures are doubtless impressive; stated in any rational way, with reference to the numbers of teachers and taught, or with reference to our resources in wealth and taxation, they constitute a pitiful exposure of our national niggardliness."—Literary Digest.

THE NEWSPAPER

Trade hardly deems the busy day begun
Till his keen eye along the sheet has run;
The blooming daughter throws her needle by,
And reads her schoolmate's marriage with a sigh;
While the grave mother puts her glasses on,
And gives a tear to some old crony gone.
The preacher too his Sunday theme lays down,
To know what last new folly fills the town;
Lively or sad, life's meanest, mightiest things,
The fate of fighting cocks, or fighting kings.
—Sprague.

Z. S. Smith

UNDERTAKER AND LICENSED EMBALMER
MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA
LIVERY AND FEED STABLE
(Clark's old stand.)
Rigs to suit all occasions. Prompt and satisfactory service guaranteed.
BOARDS WANTED.—Will take a number of table boards, and have room and board for one lady. Apply to Mrs. Florence Lynch, Marlinton.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

This last week of the Marlinton school has been largely devoted to examinations. Records look now as though the percentage of promotions would be unusually high. Commencement exercises begin on Wednesday, which will be graduating night for the eighth grades of Edray district. There will be nine graduates from Mr. Moore's room, and the number from the outlying schools is not known yet. Dr. Davis, of Fairmont, will give the address of the evening. Music will be furnished by the grades, an especial number being a Japanese song, in costume by Miss Sullivan's room.

The High School play, "Diamonds and Hearts," will be given Thursday night, May 2nd. The entire High School, with the exception of the participants in the Marlinton-Hillsboro contest, take part in the play. It is rather an elaborate production for a High School, but the pupils are making every effort to make it a success.

Wednesday afternoon the boys of the M. H. S. gave the High School girls a bowling party. High School colors and pendants were much in evidence and the fun ran high. It was voted a jolly time.

There still seems to be some misunderstanding about the honors in the last contest. The Hillsboro school confuses decisions and honors. It is true there were three decisions to be made by the judges but there were four "points" to be counted. There was a well understood agreement between the two schools that there were four "points" to be counted; one for the reading, one for the essay, and two for the debate. This moreover, is proved by the fact that there were four prizes given; two dollars and a half for the reading, two dollars and a half for the essay and two dollars and a half for each debate. It is well understood that honors are reckoned according to the number of "points" gained. Therefore the honors were divided equally, as Hillsboro won two points, one for the reading and one for the essay, and Marlinton won two points for the debate. Marlinton is glad and willing to concede her opponents every right which is theirs, but in turn she claims her just dues.

Marlinton has put forth every effort to secure all the good possible from the contest and keep the rivalry friendly. The students as well as the faculty concede that there was good work done by the contestants of the other school and congratulate them. What Marlinton stands for is hard work, thorough preparation and fair play.

HILLSBORO HIGH BRIEFS

The Hillsboro-Marlinton high school contest will be rendered in the Hillsboro auditorium on Saturday, May 3rd, at 8 p. m. This is a literary programme with piano and vocal features. Supt. H. D. Rohr will preside over the contest. The Marlinton High students and teachers will be tendered a reception at 3:30 p. m.

The Hillsboro High crossed bats with the Ronceverte High on Friday, April 25th at Ronceverte. The score was 6 to 5 in favor of Hillsboro High. This was the only real high school game scheduled on this trip. The second game was played at White Sulphur Springs on Saturday the 26th. The score was 16 to 6 in favor of Hillsboro High. The third game was with the G. P. M. S. at Lewisburg on Monday the 28th. The score was 10 to 4 in favor of G. P. M. S. The line up of the team was as follows:—Cox, Ball and Kirk, Fuller, Fish, Cackley, Bascom Kirk, Smith, LaRue, Kidd and Long, substitute. The boys report a worth while trip. Fish made one home run at White Sulphur. A game will be played on the home diamond on Saturday. The excellent work of these games is largely due to Mr. J. C. Cox, president of the athletic Association.

The last literary program has been rendered. It is with an appropriate degree of pride that we note the success of these programs. Miss Merrells has been elected an associate officer of the World's English Teachers' Association. Mr. S. J. Payne, of Charleston, has been visiting his daughters, Nins and Greta, high school students.

A number of out of town guests are expected to attend the contest Saturday night.

FROST

The down pour of rain Saturday made us think we were going to have another flood.
A few of our town people attended the circus at Marlinton, Saturday.
Mrs. Clarence Jordan and baby are visiting her parents at Hun-

tsville.
Aunt Lydia Hiner spent a few days at the home of Wilson Rider, last week.

We are glad to report little Edna Lee Gibson is much improved, is gaining flesh and strength, and her parents do not think it necessary to take her to a hospital.

Rev. K. D. Swecker preached his first sermon at this place last Sunday to a large and attentive congregation, at the M. E. church south. We are glad to have Brother Swecker with us this year.

Miss Lucy Rider has been confined to her room for a few days with gripp.

Roland Sharp has been spending several days with his grandparents at and Mrs. G. M. Jordan.

Lacy Johnston came up Knapps creek Monday with "Tom Thumb" the horse which carried off the prizes and blue ribbons at Monterey last fall.

The picket wire fence will soon be erected in front of our school house, which will add very much to the appearance of the building and town.

Our enterprising citizen, E. J. Rhea, has added very much to the looks of his house and lot by building a nice picket fence in front.

Dorse McCarty has moved to Clover Lick where he has a contract of bark peeling.

C. C. Sharp has about completed his camp on Knapps Creek and will begin work as soon as the bark will peel.

GREENBANK

Our farmers made good use of the nice warm days last week, sowing oats and planting potatoes.

E. A. Hudson and wife of the Hills, were shopping in town last Saturday.

Austin Lightner had a car load of lime and a car load of fertilizer brought in last week for the farmers.

O. G. Arbogast of Arbovale, was in town last Monday.

Uriah Hevener of Boyer, was in town Monday.

J. Asberry Sheets of Wesley Chapel, was in town last Monday.

Rev. T. A. Burch preached a very fine sermon in the Methodist church here Sunday evening to a large congregation. He will preach the second Sunday in May at 11 o'clock a. m.

J. C. Arbogast is very much indisposed at this writing, and fears are entertained about his recovery, but we hope he will recover.

P. H. Warwick is not so well at this time.

John R. Warwick has been poorly all winter and don't improve much.

Mack Gum of Cass, was in town last Monday.

Mr. Shoemaker and wife, of Marlinton, dined at L. L. Little's last Thursday. Miss May Little accompanied them home.

Some of our people went to Marlinton to see the show and report a good time.

All parties having claims against the Board of Education of Greenbank district will please send them to the secretary or the president of said board, J. W. Goodsell, Durbin, W. Va., at once so they can be paid before the new work comes in.

A RAJPUT LOVE-SONG

By SAROJINI NAIDU.
(Parvati at her lattice)
O Love! were you a basil-wreath to twine among my tresses,
A jewelled clasp of shining gold to bind around my sleeves,
O Love! were you the keora's soul that haunts my silken raiment,
A bright, vermilion tassel in the girdles that I weave;
O Love! were you the scented fan that lies upon my pillow,
A sandal lute, or lamp that burns before my shrine,
Why should I fear the jealous dawn that spreads with cruel laughter,
Sad veils of separation between your face and mine?
Haste, O wild-bee hours to the gardens of the sunset!
Fly, wild-parrot day to the orchards of the west!
Come, O tender night, with your sweet, consoling darkness,
And bring me my Beloved to the shelter of my breast!
[Amar Singh, in the saddle]
O Love! were you the hooded hawk upon my hand that flutters,
Its collar-band of gleaming bells atinkle as I ride,
O Love! were you turban-spray or floating heron-feather,
The radiant, swift, unconquered sword that swingeth at my side:
O Love! were you a shield against the arrows of my foemen,
An amulet of jade against the perils of the way,
How should the drum-beats of the dawn divide me from your bosom,
Or the union of the midnight be ended with the day?
Haste, O wild-deer hours, to the meadows of the sunset!
Fly, wild-stallion day, to the pastures of the west!
Come, O tranquil night, with your soft consenting darkness,
And bear me to the fragrance of my Beloved's breast!